

THE PAGAN LIBRARY

The Cloud Sculptors

Staeorra Rokraven

The air finds flight in forms of lofty wind
As one with nature's children taking part
And soaring up to go and find a friend
Then join with water spinning wispy art.

This nature's process has eternal known
The way to hang up on the sky these drapes
But wonder not how these soft clouds have grown
From fleecy strand filled webs to take their shapes?

Perhaps the artist's brush a thing unseen
With living tools the Elder Gods express
Those firey ones whose scales and talons gleam
To grace the heavens with their soft caress.

Now see the strokes of carving wings along
With falling rain - the strains of Dragon song.

Fast Forward

2019-05-28 (/articles2/article.php?article_id=29)

Kindly Pagans, White Supremacists Hold Dueling Gatherings In Southern State Park

Keep the Faith

2019-05-27 (/articles2/article.php?article_id=27)

Young black women are leaving Christianity and embracing African witchcraft

CBN News

2019-05-27 (/articles2/article.php?article_id=25)

Atlanta Church Hires Psychic Medium to Minister to Congregation

The Week

2019-05-25 (/articles2/article.php?article_id=23)

The princess of Norway and her shaman lover

Religion News Service

2019-05-24 (/articles2/article.php?article_id=21)

Getting in on - and tossed out of - the Satanist Temple joke - Religion News Service

More Articles (/articles2/)

Quote of the moment:

Some like it hot, some like it cold; I like it chocolate!

This site has received hits since Aug 4, 2000

COPYLEFT:

The entire content of all public pages in The Pagan Library (graphics, text and HTML) are free information, released under the terms of the GPL. All copyrighted items mentioned are the property of their respective owners, and no

form of ownership or endorsement is implied.

Last modified: August 19 2018 14:53:45